



THREE WHO PASSED IN THE NIGHT

Last year, as everyone knows, 1,210,614 undergraduates dropped out of college; 256,086 flunked; 309,656 got married; 375,921 ran out of money; and 309,254 found jobs. As you have, of course, observed, this accounts for only 1,210,611 out of 1,210,614. What happened to the other three?

Well sir, to find the answer, I recently completed a tour of American campuses where I interviewed 40 million students and sold several subscriptions to *The Open Road for Boys*, and it pleases me to report that I can now account for those three elusive undergraduates.

The first was an LSU junior named Fred Gaugin. He was extremely popular, always ready with a smile, fond of folk dancing and *pralines*, and last semester his Chi Psi brothers unanimously elected him treasurer of the fraternity. This proved an error. Gaugin, alas, promptly absconded with the money and went to Tahiti to paint. The fraternity is bending every effort to extradite Gaugin, but Tahiti, alas, is currently observing the feast of *Dip-thong, the Sun-God*, a five-year ceremony during which all the islanders wear masks, so nobody, alas, can say for certain which one is Gaugin.

The second missing undergraduate is William Cullen Sigafos, Oregon State freshman, who went one day last fall to a disreputable vendor named A. M. Sashweight to buy a pack of Marlboros. Mr. Sashweight did not have any Marlboros because Marlboros are only sold by reputable vendors. However, he told Sigafos, that he had another brand which was just as good, and Sigafos, being but an innocent freshman, believed him.

Well sir, you and I know there is no other brand as good as Marlboros. That fine filter, that flavorful flavor, that pleasure, that joy, that fulfillment—are Marlboro's and Marlboro's alone. All of

this was quickly apparent to young Sigafos and he flew into a terrible rage.

"As good as Marlboros indeed!" he shrieked, kicking his roommate furiously. "I am going right back to that mendacious Mr. Sashweight and give him a thrashing he won't soon forget!" With that he seized his lacrosse bat and rushed out.

Mr. Sashweight heard him coming and started running. Now Mr. Sashweight, before he became a disreputable vendor, had taken numerous prizes as a cross-country runner, and he thought he would soon outdistance young Sigafos. But he reckoned without Sigafos's stick-to-itiveness. At last report the two of them had passed Cleveland. When they reach the Atlantic Seaboard, had Mr. Sashweight will get his humps from Sigafos, you may be sure, and I, for one, am glad.



The third missing undergraduate, also named Sigafos, is a Bennington sophomore named Celeste Sigafos and, ironically, she never intended to leave college at all. She was merely going home for Christmas on the Natchez, Mobile, and Boise Railroad, and during the night, alas, her upper berth slammed shut on her. Being a Bennington girl, she naturally did not wish to make an unseemly outcry, so she just kept silent. The next morning, alas, the railroad went bankrupt, and Miss Sigafos today is lying forgotten on a siding near Valparaiso, Indiana. Fortunately she has plenty of Marlboros with her.

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And how about the rest of you? Do you have plenty of Marlboros? Or if you like mildness but you don't like filters, plenty of Philip Morris? Hmm? Do you?

